

SOLDIER

5236
AND A

SCHOLAR:

OR THE

LADY'S JUDGMENT

Upon those two

CHARACTERS

In the PERSONS of

Captain ~~Al~~ — and Dⁿ Swift.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane.* MDCCXXXII.

[Price Six-pence.]

SCHOOLER

AND A

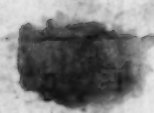
SCHOOLAR

OF THE

TABLES

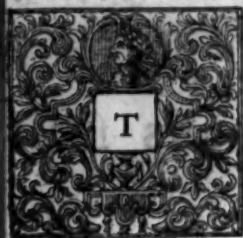


CHAR





A
S O L D I E R.
A N D A
S C H O L A R, &c.



HUS spoke to my Lady the Knight
full of Care,
Let me have your Advice in a
weighty Affair :

This *Hamilton's* Bawn, while it sticks on my
Hand,

I lose by the House, what I get by the Land;

But

But how to dispose of it to the best Bidder,
For a Barrack or Malt-house, we now must
confider.

First, let me suppose I make it a Malt-house,
Here, I have computed the Profit will fall t'us;
There's Nine hundred Pounds for Labour and
Grain;

I increase it to Twelve, so Three hundred
remain:

A handsome Addition for Wine and good
Cheer,

Three Dishes a Day, and Three ^{Hogheads} hundred a
Year;

With a Dozen large Vessels my Vaults shall
be stor'd,

No little scrub Joint shall ^{cover} come on my Board;
And you, and the Dean, no more shall combine,
To stint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine;

Nor

Nor shall I, for his Humours, permit you
 shou'd ^{to} purloin

A Stone and a half of ^{good} Beef from my Surloin.
 If I make it a Barrack, the Crown is my Te-
 nant :

My Dear, I have ponder'd again, and again on't;
 In Poundage and Drawback, I lose half my
 Rent,

And, whatever they give me, I must be content;
 Or joyn with the Court in every Debate;
 And rather than that, I would lose my Estate.

Thus ended the Knight : Thus began the
 meek Wife :

It must, and it shall be a Barrack, my Life :
 I am grown a mere Mopes, no Company comes,
 But a Rabble of Tenants, and rusty dull
 Rums ;

B

With

With Parsons, what Lady can keep herself
clean?

I am all over dawb'd, when I sit by the * Dean;
But if you will give us a Barrack, my Dear,
The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here.
I then shall not value his Deanship a Straw;
For the Captain, I'll warrant, will keep him
in Awe.

Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
^{will} We'll tell him that Chaplains should not be so
pert;
That Men of his Coat should be minding
their Pray'rs,
And not among Ladies, to give themselves
Airs.

* Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

Thus

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
 The Knight his Opinion resolv'd to maintain.
 But *Hannab*, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a Taste,
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be drest,
 Cry'd, Madam, why sure, my Master's posselt;
 Sir *Arthur* the Malster! how fine it would
 sound?

I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under Ground:
 But, Madam, I guess'd, there would never
 come Good,
 When I saw him so often with † *Nornwood* Darby and
Wood.

And now my Dream's out; for I was a-dream'd,
 That I saw a huge Rat; O dear, how I scream'd!!
 And after, methought, I lost my new Shoes,
 And *Molly*, she said, I should hear some ill News.

† Sir *Arthur Atcheson's* Receiver, and one of his Tenants,

Dear,

Dear, Madam, had you, but the Spirit to teaze,
 You might have a Barrack, whenever you please,
 And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 That for twenty Denials, you would not give
 out.

If I had a Husband like him, I ^{ur}protest,
 'Till he gave me my Will, I would give him
 no Rest,

And rather than come in the same Pair of
 Sheets

With such a cross Man, I would lie in the
 Streets.

But, Madam, I beg, you'll contrive and invent,
 And worry him out, till he gives his Consent.
 Dear Madam, whene'er on a Barrack I think,
 An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a Wink,
 For if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
 I can't get it out tho' I'd never so fain.

I fancy already a Barrack contriv'd
 At *Hamilton's* Bawn, and the Troop is arriv'd:
 Of this, to be sure, Sir *Arthur* has Warning,
 And waits on the Captain betimes in the
 Morning.

Now see when they meet, how their Honours
 behave----

Noble Captain, your Servant--Sir *Arthur*, your
 Slave.

You honour me much---The Honour is mine.
 'Twas a sad rainy Night---But the Morning is
 fine.

Pray how does my Lady?---My Wife's at your
 Service.

I think I have seen her Picture ^{by} at *Jervais*'.

Good morrow, good Captain--I'll wait on you
 down.

You shan't stir a Foot---You'll think me a Clown.

C

For

For all the World, Captain, not half an Inch farther----

You must be obey'd; your Servant, Sir *Arthur*;
My humble Respects to my Lady, unknown;
I hope you will use my House as your own.

----- Go bring me my Smock, and leave off
your Prate,

Thou hast certainly gotten a Cup in thy Pate.
Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my
Head.

Next Day, to be sure, the Captain will come,
At the Head of his Troop, with his Trumpet
and Drum:

Now, Madam, observe, how he marches in State,
The Man with the Kettle-drum enters the
Gate,

Dub,

Dub, dub, a dub dub; the Trumpeters follow,
 Tantara, Tantara; while all the Boys halloo.
 See, now comes the Captain, all dawb'd with
 Gold Lace :

O law ! the sweet Gentleman, look in his Face,
 And see how he rides like a Lord of the Land,
 With the fine Flaming-Sword he holds in his
 Hand ;

And his Horse, the dear ^{tor} Creature, it prances
 and rears,

With Ribbands in Knots, at his Tail and his
 Ears.

At last comes the Troop, at the Word of
 Command,

Drawn up in our Court, till the Captain cries,
 Stand.

Your Ladyship lifts up the Sash to be seen,
 For sure I had dizen'd you out like a Queen;

The

The Captain, to shew he ^{is} was proud of the
 Favour,
 Looks up to the Window, and cocks up his
 Beaver.

His Beaver is cockt, pray, Madam, ^{mark} mind that;
 For a Captain of Horſe ^{neve} never takes off his Hat;
 Because he has never a Hand that is idle,
 For the Right holds the Sword, and the Left
 holds the Bridle.

Then flourishing ^{thrice} twice his Sword in the Air,
 As a Compliment due to a Lady ſo fair:
 How I tremble to think of the Blood it has
 ſpilt!

Then he lowers ^{down} the Point; ^{and} then ~~he~~ kisses the
 Hilt.

Your Ladyſhip ſmiles, and ^{thus} then you begin:
 Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight, and walk
 in.

The

The Captain salutes you, with Congee profound ;

And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the Ground.

Kit, run ^{for} to your Master, and bid him come to us ;

I'm sure he'll be proud of the Honour you do us :

And, Captain, you'll do us the Favour to stay
And take a short Dinner here with us To-day ;
You're heartily welcome ; but as for good
Cheer,

You ^{are come} came in the very worst Time of the Year.
Had I but expected so worthy a Guest----

Lord, Madam, your Ladyship sure is in Jest :
You banter me, Madam ; the Kingdom must
grant----

You Officers, Captain, are so complaisant.

D

Hist,

Hift, Huffy, I think I hear Somebody coming.
 No, Madam, 'tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.
 To shorten my Tale, for I hate a long Story,
 The Captain, at Dinner, appears in his Glory.
 The * Dean and the † Doctor have humbled
 their Pride ;

For the Captain's intreated to sit by ^{*Your*} their Side.
 And because he's their Betters, you carve for
 him first ;

The Parsons, for Envy, are ready to burst.
 The Servants, amaz'd, are scarce ever able,
 To keep off their Eyes, as he sits at the Table.
 And *Molly* and I ^{*have*} ~~do~~ thrust in our Nose,
 To peep at the Captain, in all his fine Cloaths.
 Dear, Madam, 'be sure, he's a fine-spoken Man ;
 Do but hear, on the Clergy, ^{*Men*} how glib his
 Tongue ran.

* Dr. Swift.

† Dr. Jenny.

And,

And, Madam, said he, if such Dinners you
give,

You'll never want Parsons as long as you live :
I ne'er knew a Parson without a good Nose ;
But the Devil's as welcome, where-ever he
goes.

G----- d----- 'me, they bid us reform and re-
pent ;

But, Zounds, by their Looks, they never keep
Lent.

Mr. Curate, for all your grave Looks, I'm a-
fraid,

You cast a Sheep's Eye on her Ladyship's
Maid :

I wish she would lend you her lilly-white Hand,
In mending your Gown, and smoothing your
Band.

For

For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like
a Ninny ;

That the Captain suppos'd he was Curate to
Jenny.

Whenever you see a Cassock and Gown,
An hundred to one, but it covers a Clown.
Observe how a Parson comes into a Room :
G----- d----- me, he hobbles as bad as my
Groom.

A Scholard, when just from the College broke
loose,

Can hardly tell how to cry Bo to a Goose.
Your *Novids*, and *Bludurks*, and *Omers*, and
Stuff ;

By G---d, they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff.
To give a young Gentleman right Education ;
The Army's the very best School in the Nation.

My

My School-master call'd me a Dunce and a Fool ;

But at Cuffs, I was always the Cock of the School.

I never could take to my Books for the Blood o'me ;

And the Puppy confest, he expected no Good o'me.

Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,

But the Sight of a Book, makes me sick to this Day.

Never since I was born, did I hear so much Wit ;

And, Madam, I laugh'd, till I thought I should split.

E

So

So then you look'd scornful, and ^{snuff'd} snuff'd at
the Dean :

As who should say, Now am I skinny and lean ?

^{But} And he durst not so much as open his Lips.

And the ^{Doctor,} Dean, ~~he~~ was plaguily ^{deep} down in the
Hips.

Thus merciless *Hannah* run on ^{with} in her Talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, Will your Lady-
ship walk.

Her Ladyship answers—I'm just coming down:
Then turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a Frown:
Altho' it was plain, in her Heart she was glad;
Cry'd, Huffy, why fure, the Wench is gone mad:
How could these Chimera's get into your
Brains ?

Come hither, and take this old Gown for your
Pains.

But

the Dean if this Secret should come to His ears
 But if this Secret should reach the Dean's

Ears,

He ne'er ^{never} will have done with his Jibes and his
 Jeers.

For your Life, not a Word of this Matter, I
 charge you.

Give me but a Barrack, a Fig for the Clergy.

F I N I S



BOOKS printed for J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane.

SCHMES from *Ireland*, for the Benefit of the Body Natural, Ecclesiastical, and Politick. The first humbly offered for making Religion and the Clergy useful. With the Author's Observations on the Cause and Cure of the PILES: And some useful Directions about wiping the Posteriors. The Second, an infallible Scheme to pay the Publick Debt of this Nation in six Months. Humbly offered to the Consideration of the P——t. Price 6 d.

LOVE and AMBITION. A Tragedy. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Dublin*. *Abeut Fortuna Superbis.* Hor. By Mr. Darcy. Price 1 s. 6 d.

The Parish Priest. A Poem of much Piety, and not a little Satire.

Poems on several Occasions. Containing, The Progress of Mulick in *Ireland*. The Poet's Well. An Essay towards a Translation of *Anacreon*. An Ode on his Majesty's Birth-Day. To which is added, The Plague of Wealth, occasion'd by the Author's receiving fifty Pounds from his Excellency the Lord *Carteret*, for the foremention'd Ode. With several Poems not in the *Dublin* Edition. By *Matthew Pilkington, M. A.* Revised by Dr. *Swift*. With a curious Frontispiece, representing the Poet's Well, and the Art of sinking in it. Price 3 s. 6 d.

The Second Edition of the Vindication of his Excellency the Lord C——t from the Charge of favouring none but *Tories, High-Flyers, and Jacobites.* Pr. 6 d.

The DRAPIER's Letters to the People of Ireland concerning Mr. *Wood's* Brass Half-pence.

*O thou, whatever Thou art, shine Ear,
Dear, DRAPIER, be thou, or Gulliver!*

THE TRIBUNES. In two Parts. Price 2 s. Being a Collection of entertaining Papers on various Subjects, particularly the following ones:

The greatest Blockheads in a Nation that can make no Figure at Home, are the most desirous of making one in Foreign Countries. The Speech of the Wooden Man in *Ireland*, apprehending himself to be as fit for a *Mercury* as the best of them.

The Character of a Countrey Squire, proving him to be a greater Desolation to a good Neighbourhood than to the Game; and less abhorr'd for laying open Fences, than breaking through good Manners.

Reading, a cheaper Amusement than Drinking; and a Consumption of Books of greater Advantage to our Nation than that of Wine.

The Folly of admiring foreign Commodities beyond our own.

The Affectation of the Gentility the sure Way to Poverty: For the Instruction of Tradesmen's Wives.

A new Model for a publick School; upon a better Plan than any of our modern Academies.

A Project for the Destruction of Printing and Bookselling, for the Benefit of the learned World; or a new *Tale of a Tub*, adapted to the Refining Old Doctrines, or Broaching New Ones at Pleasure.

Proposals for enriching the Clergy, and yet restraining Pluralities.

The Irregularities of a vicious Disposition falsely charged on human Nature.

A Dream, representing the World to be little better.